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P O E M S.

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# P O E M S:

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ORIGINAL PIECES.

BY THE REV. JOHN WHITEHOUSE, K  
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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— SI QUIS TAMEN HÆC QUOQUE, SI QUIS  
CAPTUS AMORE LEGIT.

VIRG. Ec. vi. l. 10.

---

τιρωουσι Διος τον ιππο Ολυμπου  
Μουσαι Ολυμπιαδες, κουραι Διος αιοιοχοιο,  
Τας εν Πιερη Κρονδη τις παλρι μιγισα  
Μημοσυνη·  
Λησμοσυνη τς πακον, αμπαυμα τς μεριηραων.

Hesiod. Theog. l. 51.

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## ELEGIES,



E L E G I E S.



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P O E M S.

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E L E G Y,

WRITTEN NEAR THE RUINS OF A NUNNERY.

WAND'RING in pensive mood beside the  
skirts

Of this dark forest, visions, such as old  
Poetic eyes have seen, around me dawn:  
But who is he, whose daring hand shall wake  
The lyre's bold numbers to the solemn voice  
That paus'd but now between the hollow blast?  
Low is the bard of ancient days; \* his fame,

B

Like

\* Ossian.



Like the grey moss upon the warrior's tomb,  
Shall grow with rolling years. Yet once again,  
Spirit of songs divine ! awake ! awake !  
Meek twilight from her western chambers comes  
With pilgrim feet, and beckons from the hills  
Her shadowy train ; bright thro' the mould'ring arch  
Of yon old castle gleams the rising moon :  
Now sleeps the storm, that late with giant-arm  
Shook the old battlements, and topp'd down  
Huge columns from their base : wide o'er the scene  
Pale Desolation stalks with horrid strides  
From hill to hill : on yon rude monument  
Sits red-ey'd Horror, brooding o'er the waste,  
Or mounts upon the whirlwind's rapid wing,  
Mix'd with the blast, and roll'd into the storm.

How chang'd the scene, since first Devotion rear'd  
This hallow'd pile : fall'n is the fretted vault,  
The stately turret, and the glitt'ring spire,  
While thro' the tott'ring fabric the grey moss  
Creeps in close wreaths, and whistles to the wind :  
Bleak thro' the hollow windows roars the blast,

Or

Or flash the light'nings blue, or solemn peals  
Of thunder rattle round the echoing roofs ;  
Haply to these deserted mansions hies  
The tempest-beaten pilgrim, wet and cold,  
To shroud within their ruins, till he hears  
Loud o'er his head the battlements dispart  
With sudden crash, and nodding menace death ;  
Here Melancholy walks her nightly round,  
With haggard looks and wan ; pale is her cheek  
As nightly mists that clothe the darksome side  
Of some hoar hill ; gath'ring her tresses long  
From off the winds, she roves with measur'd step  
Along the grass-grown pavement, glancing oft  
An eye on heav'n, and heaving oft a sigh :  
Yet time has been, when mid the spacious dome  
The pealing hymn of praise was wont to lap  
The soul in ecstacies, when fainted shrines  
Blaz'd with rich gifts ; and luxury within  
The gorgeous banquet spread, and rioted  
At festivals—Here beauty wont seclude  
The highly-finish'd form, in youth's fair prime,  
All unenjoy'd, to waste its vernal sweets

Within a convent's gloom; Religion sigh'd,  
And o'er the young enthusiast dropp'd a tear.

Amidst these desolated aisles, where now  
Springs the rank weed, and tangling briars molest,  
The fainted sisters from their cloyster'd cells  
Assembled, at the stated hour of pray'r  
Chanting their orisons; and th' ev'ning bell,  
Swinging with constant toll from the mossy tow'r,  
Summon'd them frequent mid the taper'd choir,  
To hold late vespers; from th' embowed roof,  
Solemn, and slow, the pealing organ roll'd  
The manly bass, to voices loud and clear  
Answering at intervals: round the rude walls  
Now clings the ivy pale, and props awhile  
Some mould'ring column; in each arched nook  
Where legendary saints stood carv'd in stone,  
And quaint Madonas on their bosom wore  
A holy cross, now wreathes full many a shrub  
Its dusky branches, emulous to shade  
The falling shrine; ev'n there where Painting breath'd  
High o'er the altar, each expressive form

Starting



Starting to life, and moving o'er the piece,  
At Titian's magic touch, or Raphael, thine :  
Now sits gaunt Ruin grinning o'er the wreck  
His ruthless arm has made, while Genius rolls  
His fiery eyes around, that blaze at times  
Like meteors in a storm ; the winds of night  
In hollow accents murmur to his sighs.

Here, stealing from the world, while beauty's rose  
Blow'd on her cheek, and in her liquid eyes  
Bright youth was lighted up, and warm desire,  
By grace invited, or by duty urg'd  
To this unblest'd retreat, with pow'rful love  
Wild-throbbing in her veins, some beauteous fair,  
Some guiltless Eloise perhaps might kneel  
On yon rude rock, and trembling kiss the veil :  
Alas ! in evil hour, amid the pomp,  
The sacrifice, the incense, and the praise  
Whose fascinating magic charms the eye  
With bright illusions, slow repentance hides  
Her scorpion sting, and to the enanguish'd thought  
Paints life's fair prospects, thro' the vista seen

Of distant years, the tender social ties  
 Of sacred friendship, and the praise that waits  
 On virtuous actions ;—paints the ardent youth  
 Low at the feet of her his soul adores,  
 With ev'ry bliss besides that lovers dream,  
 Or hope, in soft perspective, pictures fair  
 In life's unclouded morn—lo vanish'd all !  
 What now remains but sorrow's pointed dart  
 Deep in the soul infix'd ?—Reflection's pang !—  
 Nature's sad sigh ! and anguish of despair ?—

In vain the thought-rapt traveller would trace  
 The line that Memory o'er these smooth flat stones  
 Inscrib'd with fond regard, the name, the years  
 Of those who sleep beneath, shall never pass  
 These narrow limits ; Time's oblivious hand  
 Shall ev'n these moss-clad vestiges erase :  
 Yet whilom Science here diffus'd her beams,  
 Though oft' oppress'd by thick surrounding glooms  
 Of superstition—here some heav'n-taught muse  
 Perchance has pin'd, and dropp'd the tuneless lyre,  
 Whilst youth and unoffending innocence  
 Dropp'd and then pass'd—like the white summer cloud  
 That

That hastens o'er the desert ; with the sun  
Beauteous it rose, but when the evening came  
Dissolv'd away. Mute is the matin-bell  
That mark'd the hour of pray'r ; sad penitence  
No more is seen, with crucifix in hand  
And piteous look ; nor penance writhing sore  
His limbs, convuls'd with voluntary pains :—  
The choir is silent ; save that now and then  
Shrill shrieks the bat, or lonely owl immur'd  
Beneath the battlements, his plaintive song  
Indulges late. Now thro' the deep'ning gloom  
Pale spectres seem to glide ; their feeble song  
In melancholy cadence melts away  
In the thin air : wide o'er the distant fields  
The ev'ning shadows troop, and beckoning forms  
Seen by the moon, in fancy's list'ning ear,  
Pour their sad plaints. Amid these moss-grown piles  
Reflection loves to wake, and shed a tear  
O'er human weakness—many a noble mind,  
By superstition cramp'd, has here resign'd  
The rights of reason God and Nature gave,  
Man's highest privilege :—Here many a heart



Of that sweet social intercourse debarr'd,  
Which gives to polish'd life its highest taste  
Harden'd; to joy's, to pity's melting touch  
Insensible and cold—Prayer here has taught  
Her lovely votarefs the art to check  
Each rising wish, each tumult of the soul;  
Resign'd within the solitary cell  
To live to heav'n alone, and pass away  
Like some fair flow'r that on the wild heath blows,  
And strews its with'ring leaves upon the blast.

Ah! here no more may Superstition rear  
Her fall'n structures; sacred be the spot  
To those whose souls are of a gentle mould,  
Who wed to wisdom, and to truth ally'd,  
Shun not society; but with firm step  
Amid' a sliding age, their course maintain  
To happiness and peace; for such perhaps  
These solemn ruins and unpeopl'd wastes,  
May o'er the soul at ev'ning's sober hour,  
That pensive pleasing melancholy cast  
To virtue ever friendly; here shall come

Calm

Calm Contemplation from her sunless grot  
To meet the favour'd youth, whom scenes like these  
Can please; who views with eye inquisitive  
These rude memorials of ancient times.  
Long o'er these stones the flow'ring weed shall spread  
Its colour'd folds, and long the thistle shake  
Its white beard to the winds; the wintry storm  
Oft through these cloyster'd cells and arches dim  
Shall howl amain; and oft the summer gale  
Wave the high grass that tops the ruin'd wall,  
Ere he who loves the muses shall forego  
These simple beauties and unboastful charms,  
For Folly's tinsel glitter, tho' her lyre  
To Music's softest blandishments be strung  
In hall or bow'r; these o'er the soul shall shed  
A placid calm, as when the rising moon  
O'er the smooth lake reflects her silver beam.

E L E G Y

## E L E G Y,

## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

L O ! starts the tear from Beauty's beaming eye,  
And Virtue's bosom heaves a gentle sigh,  
Youth tears the blushing roses from his head,  
O'er Martha's tomb their mingled sweets are spread;  
For her they bloom'd, for her the muse shall bring  
Soft drops of pity from th' Aonian spring,  
For her they bloom'd awhile, for ev'ry grace  
Conspicuous shone upon the virgin's face,  
Colouring her youthful cheek with bootless pride,  
With her they languish'd, and with her they dy'd.

Long o'er thy grave, O much lamented maid !  
Be sorrow's debt by fond affection paid ;  
And oft a parent's, sister's, brother's tear  
Greet the lov'd spot, and deck thy early bier ;

O meekest



O meekest pattern of unblemish'd youth,  
Of unaffected piety and truth;  
Unwarp'd by folly, prejudice, or pride,  
And long amidst severest suff'rings try'd,  
Thy heart still constant to its hopes remain'd,  
And death's long gradual approach sustain'd;  
Calm as the evening of a summer's day,  
Thy placid spirit gently pass'd away;  
As some soft tinted flow'ret of the vale,  
When tempests rude its beauteous form assail,  
Shrinks from the blast and hangs its drooping head,  
Its colours faded, and its odours fled,  
Thus what from fate can youth or beauty save,  
Or will they blossom in the silent grave?

Pure spirit! from all earthly dross refin'd,  
Blameless thro' life, and in thy end resign'd;  
Why should we fondly wish with us thy stay  
Had been protracted to some distant day?  
When die so well as in youth's vernal bloom,  
Long since by virtue ripen'd for the tomb?

Wisdom

Wisdom is length of days ; 'tis not the head  
Where creeping Time his silver frost has spread,  
Can bid death welcome with a better grace,  
Or look him with more firmness in the face ;—  
No—'tis celestial Piety alone  
Should raise the green turf, and inscribe the stone.  
She, only she, funeral honours pay,  
And join with seraphs in th' exulting lay,  
When safely convoy'd to the realms of rest,  
A kindred mind is added to the blest ;  
Why then, O Memory ! should thy pencil's pow'r  
In saddest shades array this sacred hour,  
And not in fairest colours of the sky  
And brightest hues of immortality ?—

—Lo, Faith, descending from heav'ns radiant  
throne,

With kindling glories gilds her starry zone,  
Immortal Love is seen with aspect meek,  
The rose of Eden glowing on his cheek ;

And

And Joy, of Innocence and Virtue born,  
With vermeil lip, and tresses like the morn; \*  
They come to bid the sigh of sorrow cease,  
And to the woe-fraught mourner whisper peace.

Hence then, O ye, whom most her converse charm'd,  
Her sense enlighten'd, and her friendship warm'd,  
Is Hope's sweet solace to the mind convey'd,  
That beams with gladd'ning lustre thro' the shade;  
For though the tear of sorrow oft may start,  
Her keen emotions struggling at the heart;  
Though there 'tis just that Friendship's bosom glow,  
And Virtue's self commiserate the blow;  
Though Sensibility, soul-quickning pow'r,  
There stealing oft' at midnight's awful hour,  
O'er the lov'd spot her pensive vigils keep,  
And kneel in silence, and in silence weep:  
Yet shall her lov'd example still impart  
Truth's noblest lessons to the feeling heart;  
To value life but as a means to gain  
That prize the virtuous only shall obtain,

With

\* Milton.



With resignation calmly to attend  
Her solemn dictates, and regard our end,  
Till grace dawn on us with a heavenly ray,  
And ope the portals of eternal day,  
When looking upwards with Faith's steady eye,  
We count it loss to live, and gain to die.

ELEGY

## E L E G Y.

TO me these scenes still boast a pow'r to charm,  
The honey-suckle bow'r, the garden seat,  
Where Myra wont to sit and lean her arm,  
And deign to bless me with her converse sweet.

White bosom'd maid! tho' on a distant shore,  
Like a new sun thy matchless beauties rise,  
Memory shall still that heav'nly form restore,  
And hold it up to fond Affection's eyes.

Illumin'd by her smile, the rising morn  
Of life look'd gay, and bright the distant view,  
Hope strew'd her wild flow'rs o'er each latent thorn,  
And nurs'd their blossoms with her fresh'ning dew.

Then was I as a tree that lifts its head  
Graceful, beside some river's limpid stream;  
Broad to the Sun its branching arms are spread,  
And proudly toss them to his noon-tide beam.

Sudden

Sudden the storm arose!—with murmuring sound,  
The winds of night with rising fury blew!—  
It bends, and falling strews its honors round,  
Stretch'd on the verdant bank on which it grew.

This the just emblem of my wayward fate;—  
Torn from its base, neglected and alone,  
This tree to fancy paints my former state,  
The days, the months, the years for ever flown!

Who shall recall them?—joys that once are past,  
To bless their late possessor ne'er return;  
The tears of sorrow only longer last,  
That Pity sheds upon her poet's urn.

E L E G Y.



## E L E G Y.

Sweet Peace ! who oft beneath the sylvan shed,  
Liv'ft on coarfe fare, companion of the poor ;  
When fhall again my board by thee be fpread,  
When wilt thou come to greet me at my door ?

Once thou would'ft come, and no unfocial gueft,  
Or guide my pencil, or inspire my lay ;  
With me at night on the fame pillow reft,  
And cheer me with thy fong through all the day.

Now far from me, upon the yellow mead,  
Oft art thou by fome gentle shepherd feen,  
Thy even numbers harmonize his reed,  
Thy even numbers, like his mind ferene.

But fhould fome beauteous charmer of the plain,  
Deprive his bofom of its wonted reft,  
No more, fweet Peace ! wilt thou inſpire his ſtrain,  
No more wilt thou repose upon his breast :

Sorrow shall come, and heart-corroding Care,  
Deep in his breast to fix their fatal darts,  
And Jealousy his poison'd draught prepare,  
And wily Falshood practise all her arts.

On his bent brow stern Discontent shall low'r,  
Remorse shall on his bleeding vitals feed;  
Or wan Despair in an accursed hour  
Impel her victim to some ruthless deed.

Nor friends, nor books, nor arts shall ought avail,  
Though Science erst his op'ning mind inform'd,  
And Time for him drew back his hoary veil,  
Nurs'd him to freedom, and to virtue warm'd.

Ev'n Memory's soft group shall pass away,  
And heav'nly Fancy's brightest visions fade,  
Till ev'ry faculty and sense decay  
And Fate surround him with her endless shade.

E L E G Y

## E L E G Y,

Unblest is he, and born in evil hour,  
Whom tyrant-love with iron scepter sways  
Who lull'd supine within his syren bow'r,  
Forgets the meed of honourable praise.

Who pines in youth, while on his sickly cheek,  
Blasted by Love the drooping roses die ;  
Whose heart to ev'ry manly effort weak,  
Melts in the soft expression of a sigh.

Science or Fame in vain their charms display,  
In vain convivial, social hours invite ;  
In moody indolence he wastes the day,  
And restless tosses all the live-long night.

He loves the dusk of ev'ning, when the shades  
Pass in long phalanx thro' the solemn wood,  
To woo pale twilight in her glimm'ring glades,  
And mark the moon-beam trembling on the flood.



Ev'n at the dead of night, when soft repose  
Is fall'n on men, he leaves his thorny bed,  
And rambling thro' the fields, repeats his woes,  
Or on some bank desponding leans his head.

Happier for him had being been deny'd,  
Than that the canker Love should nip his prime ;  
Or that his frailties and his shame to hide,  
Unsummon'd to meet death were not a crime.

E L E G Y.

## E L E G Y.

ON MISS \*\*\* WHO DIED IN HER FIFTH YEAR.

ADDRESSED TO HER PARENTS.

TOO soon the tidings reach'd my ear,  
Too soon my heart with sorrow bled,  
She, to Remembrance ever dear,  
Lies number'd with the infant dead.

Yet ere, dear girl! in accents soft,  
My lips pronounce the last adieu,  
Let Love present the childish draught,  
And Fancy paint each scene anew.

When o'er the smoothly-polish'd cheek  
The rosy redness 'gan to bloom,  
How sweet the lisping lips would speak!—  
How breath'd the fragrant breath perfume.

How oft with undefining art,  
And ev'ry soft endearing wile,  
She won the fond beholder's heart,  
And held it 'tangled in a smile!

Around her much lov'd Charlotte's waist,  
No more her arms shall Mary fold,  
No more by Charlotte be embrac'd,  
No more her brother's face behold.

For oh! she's fled; around her grave  
Let Peace and Love their wings display,  
And Innocence her bosom heave,  
And Beauty's roseate blooms decay.

While musing o'er his sister's urn,  
Her faded form the boy shall see,  
May he this awful lesson learn,  
And be the lesson learnt by me!

Soon, very soon, we too must pay  
The debt to God and Nature due,  
And wing our rapid flight away,  
And press the crumbling turf like you.

Yes!



Yes! we must die;—but if our feet  
Religion's sacred path have trod,  
Then welcome death; the pang is sweet  
That gives us to the arms of God.

“Farewell, my child!” the parents cry,  
“Celestial blessings on thy head,”  
“Yon guardian pow'rs that range the sky  
“Shall watch around thy lowly bed.

“Go, Mary, find thy brothers, go,  
“And 'midst the happy realms above,  
In one eternal union glow,  
“In an eternity of love.”

## H E R E P I T A P H.

Undeck'd by Sculpture's trophies gay,  
This stone no other tale can tell  
Of her who claims this simple lay,  
Of her who fills this narrow cell :

Save that in Beauty's early bloom,  
The path of innocence she trod,  
Save that her childhood found a tomb,  
Save that her spirit rests with God.

E L E G Y.

## E L E G Y,

T O D E L I A,

— Pro qua non metuam mori,  
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

H O R.

Pensive I wake the pleasing strain,  
While sinks my heart in saddest woe,  
Yet never shall this heart complain,  
Of what it's doom'd to undergo :

For while I feed this hopeless flame,  
And tune my sorrows to the grove;  
How blest ! to sigh my Delia's name,  
How blest in solitude to love.

Then I some fav'rite author chuse,  
Whose gentle bosom felt like mine ;  
Yet never did the maid accuse,  
Nor tho' unhappy durst repine ;

Save



Save to the wild unheeding stream,  
That pass'd in grateful murmurs by :  
Save to pale Cynthia's maiden beam,  
Or lent the plaintive gale a sigh.

The youth loves most, who least complains ;  
(And that fond heart can love alone)  
Which if it ne'er a smile obtains,  
In Delia's peace forgets its own.

I would not wish my love to hear  
A tale that dimm'd those radiant eyes,  
Nor would I ask the gushing tear,  
Tho' swelling sorrows round me rise ;

For well she knows I love her true ;  
But if that heart another own,  
'Tis just that I this flame subdue,  
And absent pour my fruitless moan.

Yet must I love her, tho' she doom  
This trembling breast to sad despair,  
And hast'ning to my early tomb  
I'll not forget my Delia there.

For

For oft' when hesper's dewy lamp,  
Twinkles o'er the twilight glade;  
Delia shall view the prison damp,  
Where these poor fading limbs are laid!

Then, if perchance my charmer say,  
(While some kind friend my fate shall tell)  
" Ah rests he on his bed of clay,  
" Who while he liv'd could love so well?"

Pleas'd shall my spirit hover near,  
Drink the sweet music of her tongue,  
While Delia drops the pitying tear,  
And silent steals the vales along.

And when kind Morpheus' downy rod,  
Has lull'd those orient lids to sleep:  
Might I attend the gentle god,  
And round her bed sweet vigils keep;

O, then, to sooth my pensive shade!  
Be ev'ry tender scene express'd,  
That won me to the charming maid,  
In rapt'rous visions of the blest!

Fancy!

Fancy ! forget the flatt'ring theme,  
    'Tis not for me such blifs to prove ;  
Happy ! if ſhe will deign eſteem,  
    But never, never hope her love.

To ſome 'tis fated to obtain  
    All their fond paſſions aſk'd below ;  
To others, lingering on in pain,  
    To drink the bitter cup of woe,

O D E



O D E S. :



## ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

(A College Exercise, Nov. 5th, 1785.)

—PREMIT ORE CRUENTO.

VIRG.

### I.

DAUGHTER of Até, pow'r accurst !

Whose right hand waves a bloody rod,  
Whom bigot Rage and Frenzy nurs't,

And bow'd thee to a tyrant's nod :  
Sullen Goddess ! at whose shrine

Oft' the innocent have bled,  
Oft' the sons of freedom's line

Have sunk amongst the dead ;  
Where'er amidst the cloister'd gloom,  
And shades of ignominious Rome,  
Perplex'd in Error's mazes blind,

Thy devious footsteps ling'ring stray ;  
Grim-visag'd Horror stalks behind,  
And Murder marks his way.

### II. Indulg'd



## II.

Indulg'd by thee in southern climes,  
What deeds of darkness have been done :  
Secret treasons, horrid crimes,  
Which ne'er beheld the sun ;  
Moon-struck Madness, frantic Fear,  
Follow, follow, in thy train,  
Despair, that drops an iron tear,  
And Anguish wild that knaws his chain :  
The wretch who flies to thee for aid,  
When Death's dread shafts his soul invade,  
Shall find thou hast no pow'r to save,  
Aghast, he views th' eternal shore,  
Sighs for the refuge of the grave,  
And sinks, to rise no more.

## III.

Ha ! see amid yon deep'ning gloom  
What forms in long procession rise,  
Ascending from the yawn'ning tomb,  
And upwards hast'ning to the skies.

Heard

Heard you not how firm they stood,  
And all the tyrant's rage defy'd,  
How they steep'd their robes in blood,  
How they triumph'd, how they died?  
Victorious over Death and Time,  
In ev'ry distant age and clime,  
Their names shall live, to Mem'ry dear,  
For ever fair their virtues bloom;  
And oft' with many an holy tear,  
Sweet Pity dew their tomb.

## IV.

But lo! on Britain's sea-girt shore,  
What woes her wretched sons await,  
What dire events portentous low'r,  
Big with impending fate;  
O'er the nobles of the land,  
O'er mighty James's royal head,  
Unknown, unseen, some wizard hand,  
The woof of destiny has spread;  
Where is the sun's all chearing light?  
His golden orb is lost in night;

Swift pace the night-steeds to their goal,  
Dim thro' the dusk the stars appear,  
Horror seizes on the soul,  
And spirit-quenching Fear.

## V.

Hell from beneath hath heard a sound,  
Loudly thrice, and thrice it call'd,  
Her shaggy caverns trembled round,  
The King of terrors heard appall'd;  
'Tis done, 'tis done, a fury cry'd,  
As faintly flash'd the lightning's gleam,  
The cell, the nit'rous grain I spy'd,  
I snuff'd the sulphur's murky steam:  
Back thro' all th' infernal bound,  
Hell reverb'rated the sound;  
Dire Expectation then was seen  
Along the infernal coast,  
With haggard look, and frantic mien,  
To glide—a pensive ghost!

VI. 'Tis



## VI.

'Tis o'er, the hour of darkness dread,  
Sudden the frowning tempest past;  
As o'er yon distant mountain's head  
The light cloud flies before the blast;  
Britain's guardian pow'r shall shield  
The fav'rite isle that owns her aid,  
Attend her heroes to the field,  
And save from harms when foes invade:  
But haste thee, Superstition, far  
Where Slaughter rolls his rapid car,  
Amongst the dying and the dead;  
Or 'midst some howling desert dwell,  
Or with the furies make thy bed,  
And meditate thy spell.

## VII.

Britain's guardian, pow'r benign!  
Still on her rocks thy station keep,  
To guard her sea-girt isle be thine,  
To roll her thunders thro' the deep:

Nor thou, fair Piety, disdain  
In heav'n-born Freedom's seat to dwell,  
With Virtue, native of the plain,  
With Science in her letter'd cell ;  
While Truth reflects your beams combin'd  
On the clear mirror of the mind—  
And often to your hallow'd shrine  
The muse some votive gift shall bring,  
And Fancy, nymph of birth divine.  
Around your altars sing.

N E R E I

## NEREI VATICINIUM.

(HORACE, Book I. Ode 15.)

### I.

'T WAS when young Paris from the Spartan shore  
The beauteous Helen bore,  
In heav'nly charms and youthful pride ;  
Nereus hush'd the raging tide :  
The mutinous rulers of the deep,  
He forc'd in their dark caves to sleep,  
The god divides his crystal springs,  
While to the prophet's strain the deep responsive rings.

### II.

Ill omens mark'd the fatal day  
That saw thy flying sail convey  
The fair, whom Sparta's daughters boast,  
To Phrygia's rock-encircl'd coast ;



Impious! to steal a monarch's right,  
 For this what myriads bleed in fight!  
 For this old Priam's kingdom falls,  
 I hear Greece thund'ring at his walls;  
 I see the prancing steeds from far,  
 Armies with armies cope in war:  
 What more than toil each hero feels,  
 How rush their sounding chariot-wheels!  
 Thick clouds of martial dust arise,  
 United clamours rend the skies;  
 Already Pallas mounts her car,  
 Puts on her flaming helm, and all the rage of war.

## III.

In vain, rash youth, in vain,  
     Preserv'd by Venus' guardian care,  
 Shalt thou awake th' unwarlike strain,  
 And in loose ringlets waving adorn thy golden hair.  
 In vain, rash youth, in vain  
     Shalt thou elude the Cretan spear,  
 And all the terrors of the field,  
     When ev'n the bravest fear:

Amidst

Amidst the battle's loud alarms,  
Ajax like a god in arms,  
Bends o'er his chariot stern, and shakes his sev'n-fold  
shield.

## IV.

Direct at thee, with matchless force,  
The strong nerv'd warrior hurls his lance,  
(Meantime th' embattl'd troops advance)  
Erring it falls, wide of its destin'd course  
In vain, the fatal sisters have decreed  
That thou shalt bleed;  
Heav'n shall revenge thy lawless lust,  
And soil thy charms, adulterer, in the dust.

## V.

Death and Horror stalk around,  
In swelling notes the shrill voic'd clarions sound !  
I see Ulysses from afar,  
Skill'd in council, skill'd in war ;

D 4

And

And lo, along th' indented plain,  
 What numbers move, a dusky train !  
 Vig'rous and brave, though grey in years,  
 Yonder the Pylian sage appears ;  
 There Teucer, Sthenelus advance,  
 And shake thy soul with pale affright ;  
 Wary to hurl the flying spear,  
 Or guide the flowing reins :  
 His fiery steeds impetuous bear  
 Illustrious Merion to the war :  
 There Diomed his moving legions leads,  
 A son more gen'rous than his fire,  
 Thick beams his polish'd helm, his armour flashes  
                   fire

## VI.

As in the flow'ry-broider'd vale,  
 Soft on her grassy couch reclin'd  
     A milk-white deer surveys  
     With wild amaze

The



The grisly wolf; undmindful of her food,  
She starts; the light wing'd gale  
Can scarce o'ertake her flight  
And far she leaves the murd'rous foe behind,  
Who licks his jaws impatient of her blood;  
So tim'rous shalt thou fly  
From the rough hero's fight;  
From the spear and javelin's harms,  
From foughten fields, and war's alarms,  
When heav'n and he shall bid thee die;  
Death shall overwhelm thy soul with fear,  
Not such, when sunk in Helen's arms,  
The promises you made to that deluded fair.

## VII.

Awhile, and Ilion bleeds—  
Impatient great Achilles waits,  
Till friendly gales  
Invite his sails

To

To bear him, arm'd in thunder, to the plain;  
Ten revolving years remain,  
Then Troy must fall (so will the fates)  
And Trojan matrons mourn their sons in battle  
slain.

O D E

## O D E T O M O R N I N G.

MILD beam of heav'n, thou daughter of the dawn,  
Come from thy eastern chambers ; thy moist lips

Health's purest spirit breathe,

And on thy cheek the rose

Of health perennial blooms : O deign inspire

A song which borrows all its hues from thee ;

Of simple colouring all,

Like the young blooms of spring

When their soft foliage bursts the swelling buds,

And like thy flowing tresses unconfin'd,

In numbers wildly free,

Salutes thy smiles serene ;

Fled are the shades of night, in what retreat

Shall we await them at the hour of noon ?

In woods, in vallies deep,

And in the clefts of rocks ;

They



They fled 'ere yet the golden sun had ris'n  
Over the ocean-wave, when hov'ring mists  
    Diselosed the grey-grown oaks,  
    That skirt the village green.  
For when thou com'st, O Morn, as thou art wont,  
Veil'd in heav'n's azure robe, which fairy Spring  
    With curious fingers wove  
    Of mingled blooms and flow'rs,  
Nature delighted smiles; a voice is heard  
Of gratulation through her wide domain,  
    Front ev'ry living thing  
    That moveth on the earth,  
Or wings sublime the liquid element,  
Or in the beds of ocean dwells unseen,  
    Where huge Leviathan  
    Embroids in sport the deep;  
The floods rejoice; hills, woods and vallies ring;  
With universal shout, they clap their hands,  
    And from a thousand shores  
    Return the solemn hymn:

The

The birds their quire apply, and pour their throats  
In strains of warbl'd minstrelsy, deep-felt,

When to their untaught lay

The list'ning heart attends :

Now while the sun climbs up the steep of heav'n,  
Behold the prospect brighten ! wood and lawn,

Grey tow'r and airy cliff

Emerge, and rustic fane,

And distant villa bosom'd deep in trees ;

While thro' the laughing air a radiance waves

Of sun-beams that with gold

' Illume the village spire.

Now to some eminence, whence wide around

The various colour'd country lies effus'd,

Oft hies the impassion'd youth

Whom hallow'd genius fires

With warm poetic pencil to express

The breathing landscape, while an unskill'd muse

In sylvan shades conceal'd

Designs this simple wreath

To

To braid thy flowing tresses, meek ey'd morn,  
And tries his Doric reed with weak essay,  
Thou not unfavoring deem  
Of his unpractic'd song.

O DE



## ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

SISTER of soft ey'd Pity, hail !  
Say in what deep-sequester'd vale,  
Thy head upon thy hand reclin'd,  
Sitt'st thou to watch the last faint gleams of light ;  
To mark the grey mists sail along the wind,  
And shadows dim that veil the brow of night ?  
Or 'neath some rock abrupt and steep,  
Hear'st thou the hoarse resounding deep,  
While from many a murky cloud,  
Blue light'nings flash by fits, and pealing loud  
The solemn thunder shakes th' aerial hall ?  
Or lonely loit'ring o'er the plain,  
See'st thou the glimm'ring landscape fade,  
And bidd'st the soul-commanding lyre  
Some such magic numbers chuse  
As love and tenderness inspire,  
And Heav'ns own calm around diffuse,  
Till the sorrow-soothing strain

On

On the rapt ear with nectar'd sweetness fall,  
Lift'ning; and held in mute Attention's chain,  
And all the soul dissolv'd and fainting lie  
In Rapture's holy trance, and heav'nly ecstasy.

## II.

O teach me, Nymph, retir'd and coy,  
That lasting and substantial joy  
From peace of mind, and sweet content that springs,  
And cast thy milder tints o'er all  
That may my wilder'd feet befall,  
While thro' this vale of tears I go—  
But never may my soul those sorrows know,  
Which shook from bleak Misfortune's wings,  
Blast all the bloom of life, and wide diffuse  
Their cold ungenial damps on Fancy and the Muse.  
Nor yet permit my steps to stray  
Where on the river's marge sits wild Despair,  
Wistfully gazing on the fearful deep;  
Whose looks the dark resolve declare,  
Whose horrid thoughts have murder'd sleep:

Hence

Hence too that other fiend whose eye-balls glare,  
Madness, who loudly laughs when others weep,  
And fiercely stalks around, and shakes his chain;

Hence far away, ye hideous train,  
Go, join the shrieking stygian crew,  
Or there where Furies in their bow'r,  
Watch the dreadful midnight-hour,  
Hung o'er the taper dim and furnace blue;  
But ne'er with madd'ning steps invade  
The Muses' consecrated shade,  
Or bid her soothing Numbers cease  
To bless the tranquil hour of Peace!  
Where Love and Joy their sabbath keep,  
Whom Rapture only taught to weep.

## III.

Come then, with Fancy by thy side,  
In all thy robes of flowing state,  
To Genius evermore ally'd,  
On whom the pensive Pleasures wait;

E

Teach



Teach me to build the lofty rhyme,  
And lift my daring song sublime  
To that unequall'd pitch of thought,  
Which once the seraph, Milton, caught,  
When rapt in his immortal theme,  
He mus'd, by Siloa's hallow'd stream ;  
But since this boon must be deny'd,  
Be mine that solemn dirge of woe  
Breath'd from the tender lyre of Gray,  
Who oft' at ev'ning's fall would go  
To pour mid'st rustic tombs his polish'd lay ;  
Th' historic draught shall never fade,  
And many a youth to fame unknown,  
Shall bend beneath the yew tree's shade,  
To trace the line that marks his stone ;  
There shall the village maids be seen  
Where the forefathers of the hamlet sleep ;  
And while the muse records the scene,  
Hang o'er their turf-clad graves and weep ;  
Oblivion's rude and wastful hand  
Shall ne'er this little group efface ;  
For Time shall bid the colours stand  
And lend their charms a finish'd grace.

## IV.

Nor yet where Auburn crowns the smiling vale,  
Pass, thou 'lorn maid, unheeding by;  
Where yon poor matron tells her tale,  
And points to the enquiring eye,  
Where once her little mansion stood,  
Shelter'd by a neighb'ring wood;  
Recording in her homely phrase  
The simple joys of former days:  
Thus then, O Melancholy! o'er my lays  
Thy faintly veil of sadness throw;  
And give my numbers void of art,  
To touch the thought, to reach the heart,  
And bid the tear of Pity flow;  
For if the muse may e'er unblam'd design,  
Or if her hand can colour ought;  
'Tis when thy spirit prompts the line,  
Gives manliness to verse, and energy to thought.





A

# H Y M N O F T R I U M P H

FOR VICTORY OBTAINED IN WAR.

(See the 18th Psalm.)

—— Δαδ υμνος ηδι θεμισίας  
Ουρανους μελπω, θεοι μελεχομενιοι.

Francis Porti de Psalm ; Serran;

THEE will I sing, Almighty Maker, Thee  
Father of all ! whether the rising sun  
Sheds forth his golden beams, or when at night  
The moon unveils her orb : Thou art my strength,  
My safeguard and my fortress of defence,  
Against the day of battle : me surround,  
On either side the dreadful files of war,  
Army with army mix'd, and host with host,  
They, like a torrent pour : beneath the weight  
Of dire Oppression, I to th' heav'n of heav'ns

Direct my pray'r, and trust his pow'r supreme,  
Who stills the storm, and rules the troubl'd seas.

Me heard th' Omnipotent, from where he sits  
Enthron'd, and weighing the events of things :  
Then too the frighten'd earth with huge dismay  
Shook to the centre ; and the reeling hills  
Retir'd, and fought th' Ocean's utmost verge  
Precipitant, and fearful of his ire,  
Terrific, streaming thro' th' aerial void !  
At his approach th' eternal mountains shook,  
At his approach th' eternal mountains fled ;  
For not as on Creation's joyful morn  
Appear'd He ; when yon radiant-circling spheres  
To dulcet symphonies his praise attun'd,  
And hosts of seraphs bright, on swiftest wing  
Descending, hallow'd ev'ry vocal shade ;—  
His sounding quiver rattl'd at his side,  
And such his count'nance seem'd, that to compare  
Dark were the blushes of the crimson morn  
Fann'd by soft airs, her tresses flaming gold ;

Around

Around him throng'd assembled hierarchies,  
Princedom, dominions, saints, and orders bright  
Of angels hymning loud his pow'r and praise :  
High o'er him hung a dusky veil of clouds,  
Skirted with gold ; while from his radiant face  
Shot light ineffable ; and the wing'd tempest  
Impetuous led along his rolling car,  
Swift follow'd by his flame-clad ministers,  
Dazzling the eye of noon : beneath him roll'd  
Thick darkness, and his bright artillery  
Rung thro' the empyreum as he came  
Hors'd on a flaming cherubim ; or walk'd  
On the sonorous pinions of the winds.

Tremendous King of Glory ! what returns  
Of gratitude, what love to thee is due  
From me unworthiest, yet accepted most  
In favours high ; thy goodness knows no bounds,  
God of my fathers ! from the extreme verge  
Of earth, to highest heav'n thy mercy ascends !  
O ! while th' angelic hosts in bright array



Assembled round thy throne, rehearse thy deeds  
Triumphant, to the list'ning hierarchies,  
Say, shall my feeble accents dare thy praise,  
Or lessen thy perfections with a song?

Yet, O my soul, when gratitude inspires,  
Shall the weak lay forbid the trembling nerve  
To wake the vocal string? No, let me strive  
Louder and louder yet to strike the lyre  
To Him, who listens when his servant prays;  
To him, who like a tender parent loves,  
Supreme of all below, and all in heav'n:  
This then be my support, propitious pow'r!  
That I've a God who hears my just complaints,  
And hearing, will relieve: that I've a God  
Who must delight in virtue; and where he finds  
That virtue, will reward it: King of Kings!  
To Thee the lute shall languish; pealing loud  
Midst the full choir, sonorous, deep and clear  
The lyre accord it's solemn-breathing strains.  
Giver of all things good! Thyself the best

And

And wisest ; ever shall my grateful song  
Thy praise attune with acclamations loud ;  
In Thee the righteous trust, secure of bliss  
Beyond the stars : in Thee the wretched find  
A safe asylum from the storms of life ;  
Thou wilt support the weak, abase the proud,  
And raise the humble penitent. Thou me  
Above my peers exaltest, and my head  
With glory crown'st ; oft' 'midst th' embattl'd plain  
Re-echoing like the artillery of heav'n,  
Thy sounding footsteps shake the distant hills  
And mountains wild ; oft' thro' the dun air beams  
Thy star-bespangl'd helm and burnish'd car  
Flashing thick flames ; yon high o'er-arching vault  
Thy fingers spread ; yon fair etherial fires  
Thou gav'st to glow : O might they warm my strain,  
That sometimes dares beyond the narrow bounds  
Of these terrestrial, these inferior scenes,  
To soar on Rapture's plume, and join the theme  
Hymn'd to celestial lyres ; a theme, how vast !  
Yet to be sung by me while life remains ;  
By me, when death the barrier has remov'd,

That

That in sad exile the free spir't confines,  
(Native of heav'n !) to breathe the inspiring air  
Of that immortal clime ; to tread the courts  
Of life and glory ; o'er yon azure fields  
Expatiate free ; taste every solid joy  
That Virtue can expect, or bliss can give,  
Or saints participate, or angels feel :  
While ev'ry faculty and ev'ry sense  
Is lost in wonder, or with transport burns.

Guard me, Omnipotence ! and guide me safe  
Thro' war's blind mazes, intricate, perplex'd,  
And dang'rous to tread ; be thou my shield  
Gen'ral Divine ! who oft hast put to flight  
The enemy ; tho' disbelieving they,  
Till the dire thunder of thy arm they felt,  
And thy wing'd light'ning's speed :—O timely lend  
Thy aid propitious ; mid't the tempest smile,  
Steel ev'ry nerve ; direct the flying shaft,  
And o'er me spread the banners of thy love.

Firm,



Firm, and immoveable his promise stands  
To David, and his seed ; in frequency full  
Of angels, by a solemn oath confirm'd,  
Wherewith th' eternal palace of heav'n shook ;  
While from the blissful hills of Paradise  
Myriads of gods, and godlike forms descend,  
And pour along the sky, then prostrate fall  
In adoration lost. Beneath the stars,  
Inhabitant of this sin-tainted mould,  
I too attempt thy praise in lowly verse,  
Lowly myself, yet never shall my reed  
Be silent ; by fresh fountain, hill, or dale,  
Grotto, or azure lake, or silver stream,  
There, where young Solitude delights to stray  
Washing her tresses fair in ev'ning-dews,  
On the lone night-bird trills her plaintive strain,  
To Thee, almighty Love ! I'll wake the lyre.  
Hail, ever gracious Pow'r ! Supreme of things !  
Father of Universe ! the spacious world  
Echoes thy praise, and distant lands rejoice  
In thy protection safe ; beneath the shade,  
Reclin'd at large, the shepherd tunes thy praise

To

To groves, and sylvan fountains; or at eve,  
When Quiet meets him in the peaceful vale,  
Or when the lark uprises from his couch  
To hail the rosy morn:—but cease my strain!  
Since hosts angelic but attempt his name,  
What can thy vocal shell, and weak essay?

T H E  
T E A R S O F F R E E D O M,  
A S A C R E D P A S T O R A L.

(See 137th Psalm.)

ON the banks where Euphrates rolls rapid away,  
The beautiful azure of whose crystal flood  
Paints the meads, paints the borders of Babylon gay,  
Judæa's sad exiles disconsolate stood.

Our hearts with the pangs of Oppression were wrung,  
Our eyes with the tears of Remembrance ran o'er,  
Our harps on the murmuring willows we hung,  
Our harps of sweet melody, vocal no more!

When our enemies tauntingly bid us renew  
The songs which in Zion we whilom did sing:  
But how, while our bosoms dire slavery rue,  
O! how shall we kindle to rapture the string?

Forlorn



Forlorn, and abandon'd, the children of woe,  
At morn, and at eve, o'er the wild hills we'll roam,  
Our tears for Jerusalem ever shall flow,  
For our parents, our country, religion and home !

No ! if I forget thee, thou city all glorious,  
Where I pass'd the gay season, the bloom of my days,  
No more may this hand sweep the lyre symphonious,  
No more may my voice swell the choir of praise !

Yet, remember us, Lord, remember the hour,  
When we fell to the spoilers of Edom a prey,  
'Erelong on their heads let thy red vengeance pour,  
Nor check'd be it's fury, nor distant the day !

Hear, impious tyrant ! what heav'n ordains,  
(For fix'd is thy fate, and the sentence is just)  
Thy palaces soon shall be crush'd on the plains,  
The tow'rs of Babylon sink in the dust !

Yes ! soon the fall'n ruins of Grandeur among  
The fox shall abide, the dark adder shall crawl ;  
The bittern shall moan forth a querulous song,  
And pale Desolation sit dumb on the wall.

Thy

Thy sons and thy daughters shall fall by the stroke,  
 O'er thy fanes overturn'd creep the poisonous weed:  
 The rod of thy pow'r, O tyrant is broke,  
 And dash'd on the pavement thy children shall bleed.

No tear shall be shed o'er the tombs of the brave;  
 No solace the ghosts of thy princes shall know,  
 Nor Time on his tablet their actions engrave,  
 But consign to oblivion, perdition and woe.

MORAL

## MORAL REFLECTIONS,

OCCASIONED BY A REMARKABLE FINE DAY IN  
FEBRUARY.

WHEN Winter's chilly hand has bar'd the woods,  
In adamantinè fetters lock'd the floods,  
Despoil'd fair Nature of her dazzling vest,  
And snatch'd gay Summer's blown rose from her breast;  
Nor left one flow'ret on the wasted vale  
To shed its sweetness on the passing gale;  
When winds and beating rain each scene deform,  
And o'er the bleak hill hangs the black'ning storm,  
Rough on the eye the landscape stretches round,  
Far as th' horizon marks th' unsettl'd bound;  
Rough on the ear the sounding torrents roar,  
The wild waves break indignant on the shore;  
Such is the scene dread winter holds to view,  
The sketch the muse's flying pencil drew,—  
But should the orient morn, advancing meek  
Suffuse a placid blush o'er Nature's cheek,

And



And balmy zephyrs born on tepid wing,  
Anticipate the beauties of the spring ;  
Sweet on the soul the short illusion plays,  
And the full heart bursts forth in songs of praise,  
To Him, who chace'd the wintry clouds away,  
To him who ting'd with gold the morning's genial ray.

Hence was a Moral to my heart convey'd,  
And Nature's voice thus whisper'd as I stray'd :

“ Man, learn a truth from what these scenes unfold,  
(Who reads may learn, and needs but to behold)  
“ A truth, which beaming on thy clouded mind,  
“ May chace thy doubts, and prove that God is kind.  
“ For say, O son of earth ! when o'er thy soul,  
“ Affliction bids her turbid waters roll ;  
“ When dark-ey'd malice points her venom'd dart,  
“ Or Envy sends it rankling to the heart,  
“ If Friendship's cool air indicate mistrust,  
“ And earth's enjoyments fade, as fade they must ;  
“ Yet if thy soul unshaken, unestrang'd,  
“ Stand firm, by time or circumstance unchang'd,

F

Firm.

" Firm on that rock where Hope has fix'd her seat,  
" On life's wide ocean while the tempests beat ;  
" Yet if thy thoughts, thy wishes tend above,  
" On Faith's strong pinions tow'rd's the realms of love,  
" Know, sweet Content shall come with quick'ning  
    pow'r,  
" To shed her sun-shine on life's varying hour,  
" With sacred truths the placid breast to warm,  
" And call forth pleasure from the meanest form,  
" Then shall the green mead deck'd by playful Spring  
" Airs, gently wafted on Favonian wing,  
" The hills' high summit, the extended plain,  
" The tufted forest and the azure main,  
" Then shall the changeful seasons as they roll,  
" Waft gratitude, waft rapture to thy soul :  
" And though the pale moon should withdraw her  
    light,  
" And the sun's glorious orb be quench'd in night,  
" Yet then, ev'n then, shall truth's immortal ray,  
" Stream thro' the mansions of eternal day,  
" Where shines unveil'd a God's unclouded blaze,  
" And choiring seraphs swell the hymn of praise.

SOLILOQUY

## SOLILOQUY IN A GARDEN.

OFT' as I tread the dewy garden through,  
Where various plants and flow'rets rise to view,  
Where the pleas'd eye amid the charming scene  
Drinks the pure azure, and the lively green,  
Unsettld where to fix, where all delight,  
The pink, the rose, or lily's native white ;  
Thus to myself I say ; Great God ! thy pow'r,  
Form'd the bright seraph, and the humble flow'r,  
The smallest of thy works thy notice claim,  
As the wide ocean, or the heav'nly frame,  
The God of Nature views with equal eye,  
A worm, a man, an angel, or a fly ;  
All he protects :—say then, shall man despair ?  
Next to the angels, born his fav'rite care ?  
By him the raven, and the sparrow's fed,  
Shall then his children want their daily bread ?  
He dress'd yon ranks of flow'rs in vernal pride,  
Shall then the needful vestment be deny'd ?



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Shall then the needful vestment be deny'd ?

Ye sons of men ! on Nature's Sire depend,  
The tend'rest parent, and the truest friend ;  
From Him the tenants of the leafy grove  
Receive their food, and live upon his love !  
He bids the violet, and the blushing rose  
To balmy gales their beauteous hues disclose ;  
Simply sublime, and negligent of art,  
They send the moral to the list'ning heart ;  
" Seek more than outward charms ;—the loveliest  
" form

" Bends to the blast, or scarce outlives the storm ;  
" Or grant that winds and tempests ne'er invade,  
" How soon, alas ! the beauteous colours fade !  
" Such, man ! thy fate ; they say, or seem to say ;  
" Thy youth once past, how fast thy years decay !  
" Perhaps with vigor blest, in youthful bloom,  
" Death unrelenting, sweeps thee to the tomb ;  
" Or should indulgent heav'n prolong thy breath,  
" Still must thou fall beneath the stroke of death :—  
" Be virtue then thy aim ! and pleas'd survey  
" Life's unsubstantial prospects pass away ;

Then



" Then bid the tempest rage, the mansion nod,  
 " 'Twill but resign thee to the arms of God,  
 " For ever fix thee in the realms above,  
 " Where Hope is known no more, and Faith is lost in  
 " Love.

DESCRIPTION

D E S C R I P T I O N  
O F T H E  
G R O T T O O F C A L Y P S O.

[From F E N E L O N.]

ONWARD she led, encircl'd by a troop  
Of youthful nymphs ; she o'er them by the head  
Tow'ring conspicuous ; as some stately oak  
Amidst the forest-trees which throng him round  
Lifts his fair growth of shade ; th' enchanting glow  
Of heav'nly beauty, her rich purple robe  
Loose-floating, and her long ambrosial hair,  
That in bright ringlets round her iv'ry neck  
Wav'd to the gales ; that animated fire  
Which dazzled from her eyes, but temper'd still  
With mildest beams, Telemachus beheld  
With looks of admiration and delight :  
While Mentor follow'd slow, with downcast looks

Of

Of modest silence the young hero's steps.  
 Now at the entrance of Calypso's grot  
 Arriv'd, Telemachus admiring view'd,  
 Veil'd in the guise of rude simplicity,  
 All that could charm the eye ; tho' there nor gold,  
 Nor burnish'd silver flam'd, nor column tall  
 Aspiring rose, nor had the pencil breath'd  
 Spontaneous, native hues, nor Sculpture grac'd  
 The various sylvan scene : for Nature's hand  
 Deep in the adamantine rock had scoop'd  
 The wild recess, with shells and pebbles roof'd,  
 Around whose sides the pliant foliag'd vine  
 Wreath'd his young limbs luxuriant ; gentle gales  
 Fanning the season's sultry brow, allay'd  
 The sun's hot beam, and shed delicious cool ;  
 Nor fountains ceas'd to murmur, as they roll'd  
 Their waves translucent o'er the broider'd mead,  
 Of amaranth, and violets inwrought ;  
 Or in their mazy course combining form'd  
 Baths clear as crystal ; flows of fairest leaf  
 Enamell'd the green carpet which around  
 Border'd the sylvan grot ; thick tufted trees

Spread



Spread in a forest-shade, laden with fruits  
Of vegetable gold, whose flower renew'd  
Thro' ev'ry season it's bright bloom, and shed  
Sweetest of all perfumes; the darksome grove  
Seem'd with its head to crown the beauteous mead,  
And form'd a night within impenetrable  
To the sun's piercing beam; there nought was heard,  
Save all day long the chant of birds, that choir'd  
Harmonious; or sound of rivulet that rush'd  
Precipitant down the steep rock, and broke  
In foam and mist; then swift across the mead  
Driv'n from it's base in plaintive murmurs fled.

On a green mounts' declivity the grot  
Stood eminent; whence the pleas'd eye beheld  
The broad sea's azure surface sometimes smooth  
As is the polish'd mirror, or enrag'd  
With bootless violence the wild waves clash  
'Gainst the firm rocks; lifting their monstrous heads  
Like mountains huge; on th' other side appear'd  
A river, where were several isles inclos'd  
With blooming limes and poplars interchang'd,

Whose

Whose proud tops pierc'd the clouds; the clear canals  
 Which form'd those pleasant isles seem'd to disport  
 Delighted, o'er the plain; some rapid roll'd  
 Their limpid currents; others ling'ring led  
 A peaceful sleepy stream; in many a maze  
 Revolving, these towards their source return'd  
 Murm'ring, and seem'd unwilling to forsake  
 Those happy borders: distant far uprear'd  
 Mountains and hills their bluish tops, half hid  
 'Midst the white clouds, whose form romantic crown'd  
 The horizon, and charm'd th' attentive eye.  
 The neighb'ring hills stood cloth'd with vines, that  
     hung  
 In gay festoons; where the empurpl'd grape  
 Betwixt the green leaves swell'd its shining orbs,  
 And bow'd the parent branch; the fig-tree there  
 Olive, and pomegranate, all to the smell  
 Or taste delectable, the landscape crown'd,  
 Which like a cultivated garden smil'd.

MENTOR'S

/

MENTOR's *Reproof* of TELEMACHUS,  
*for his taking too much Pleasure in viewing the beautiful Tunics the Nymphs had prepared for each of them.*

————— Say, ought such thoughts as these  
To take possession of the soften'd heart  
Of great Ulysses' son ? O, rather aim  
To emulate thy father's high renown,  
To steel thy breast with virtue, and defy  
Th' envenom'd shafts of fortune ; the vain youth  
Who loves to deck him in a gorgeous garb  
Deserves not glory ; glory only dwells  
With that high mind, to pains and toils inur'd,  
With him, who bows the sensual pleasures low  
Beneath the just ambition of his soul.



## THE SONG OF THE NYMPHS.

———— the Nymphs with tress'd locks  
Clad in white habits minister'd a repast  
Simple, but exquisite for taste and kind,  
Tho' there the only viands were of birds  
Which they had taken in their toils, or flesh  
Of beasts, by their unerring arrows pierc'd  
'Midst the warm chace; from silver vases flow'd  
Wines of nectareous flavour into cups  
Of burnish'd gold, crown'd with gay flow'rs; nor there  
Was wanting of the early fruits which Spring  
Smiling bestows, or Autumn's lavish hand  
Show'rs on the earth; meantime four graceful nymphs  
In youth's bright bloom, the fairest of their train  
Began a choral hymn. First they rehears'd  
The battles of the giants, when they warr'd  
On heav'n's immortal pow'rs; the fabl'd loves  
Of Jupiter and Semele, and birth  
Of rosy Bacchus; how th<sup>e</sup> infant-god  
Nurs'd by the old Silenus' guardian care

Grew

Grew into jolly youth ; next was the race  
Of Atalanta sung, and Hippoméne,  
Who with th' inticement of those golden fruits  
Gather'd in th' Hesperian gardens won  
The victory and the maid ; last were rehears'd  
The wars of Troy, Ulysses' val'rous deeds ;  
The wisdom of his councils and renown  
Highly were celebrated ; first in the train  
Of the young nymphs, Leucothoe attun'd  
To the soft voices of the rest her lyre,  
Breathing the soul of harmony ; when, lo !  
The name of him, whom he so long had sought  
With fruitless search, and still rever'd and lov'd  
With duteous, fond regret ; sudden around  
Diffus'd a gloom, and melted all the youth  
To filial emotion ; down his cheek  
The silent tear stole graceful, and the flush  
Of sensibility o'er beauty's hue  
Shew'd with a double charm : the goddess saw  
His cause of grief, which not the genial board  
Had pow'r to chase, and to her virgin's made  
A sign : they chang'd the strain, and instant sung

The

The battle of the Lapithans and fierce  
Theſſalian Centaurs, and the fam'd deſcent  
Of Orpheus to the ſhades, thence to regain  
His lovely, loſt—twice-loſt Euridice.





S O N N E T S.





## S O N N E T I.

## To S I M P L I C I T Y.

DEAR Goddess of each amiable muse !  
If such unskilful words as poets use,  
May gain acceptance at thy hallow'd shrine,  
'Tis when thy spirit breathes in ev'ry line :  
Those only whom thou wilt permit to dwell  
Within thy peaceful, thy sequester'd cell,  
Who imitate thy manners in their song,  
To whom thy graces, and thy lyre belong,  
Shall from thy hand Fame's sacred meed receive,  
Shall in Time's memorable annals live ;  
Me, nymph ! would'st thou permit with thee to dwell,  
Within thy silent, woodbine-wov'n cell,  
Thy pleasing manners should my lyre rehearse,  
Thy graces live eternal in my verse.

G

SONNET

## S O N N E T II.

T O T H E R O S E.

DAUGHTER of Summer, Rose of fragrance, hail !  
Whose finely-pencil'd cheek of crimson hue,  
In traits divine enamour'd Nature drew,  
Passing each flow'r that scents th' am'rous gale,  
Violet, or hyacinth, or primrose pale;  
Come, lovely guest ! yon vaulted arches blue,  
Are burnish'd o'er with gold, the meads with dew,  
Come, bid the garden emulate the vale :  
What grace is in thy ev'ry leaf pourtray'd,  
What vivid tints thy beauteous form compose !  
How poor is Raphael's art ! how coarse the shade !  
Compar'd with thy rich foliage, charming Rose ;  
O ! when, like thine, life's transient bloom shall fade,  
May Virtue's lasting sweets survive the close !

S O N N E T

## S O N N E T III.

## T O T H E S P R I N G.

PROFUSE of dews, impregning purple flow'rs  
That clothe yon green turf, and slant hillock gay ;  
With which erst Flora deck'd in trim array,  
Blithe Spring ! thy genial months, and handmaid hours,  
Give me (if love and verse may boast such pow'rs)  
Dantes', or Ariosto's passion'd lay ;  
Or his, that did fair Laura's bosom sway,  
Who woo'd her spirit 'mid Vacluse's bow'rs ;  
Nor fairer was the nymph he lov'd than mine ;  
Then, gentle Spring ! a fav'ring smile bestow,  
So will I hail thee in this artless line,  
As thou dost pity my unfeigned woe ;  
And crown large goblets of Falernian wine,  
With flow'rs, that at thy maiden-biddance blow.



## S O N N E T IV.

ON THE PLEASURES OF A POETICAL TASTE.

SWEET is the crimson morning's roseate ray,  
And sweet the nightingale's mellifluous lay,  
The mead's soft carpet, the green-mantl'd hill,  
The whisp'ring zephyr, and the chrystal rill,  
Each rural prospect, and each rural sound,  
Which breathes, when Maia comes the fields around ;  
Where, when the moon-beam on the smooth stream  
    plays,  
With pausing step the child of nature strays ;  
But nor the lamp of morn, nor nightbird's song,  
Nor sound of past'ral reed the groves among,  
Nor whisp'ring breeze, nor hillocks verdant swell,  
Please like the muse's heav'n-instructed shell,  
But nor green meadows, nor the moon-light stream,  
Please, like the muse's lyre 'midst contemplation's dream.

S O N N E T

## S O N N E T V.

## T O T H E M O O N.

THOU, that conspicuous o'er the western main  
Ridest sublime ; refulgent queen of night,  
Enkindl'd from th' exhaustless source of light,  
Shines thy fair lamp, and glorious is thy reign ;  
For when the god that fires th' etherial plain  
No longer pours a flood of glories bright,  
And the dim landscape swims before the sight,  
Soft Hesper leads along her starry train ;  
But thou, thy mellow radiance shooting far,  
Chasest the horrors of the night away,  
And stooping from thy silver-axl'd car  
Giv'st to the world a milder softer day ;  
Never shalt thou, or Ev'ning's dewy star  
Be unpropitious to the poet's lay.

## S O N N E T VI.

WRITTEN IN A GROTTTO.

WHOE'ER by musing Contemplation led  
 Loves the wild beauties of this silent dell;  
 Let him bid ev'ry selfish wish farewell,  
 To woo sweet Quiet in this sylvan shed;  
 Here, when the star of ev'ning lifts his head  
 Mild-twinkling o'er the rustic's humble cell,  
 Sweet Philomel her sad song mourneth well;  
 And when Nights' sable-banner'd hosts are fled,  
 The soaring sky-lark gratulates the dawn;  
 Here sweet contentment trims his ev'ning fire,  
 Or trips with Health along the laughing lawn,  
 While vernal airs the hymn of joy inspire;  
 Here the young shepherd feeds his harmless fawn,  
 And here the Muses wake the simple lyre.

S O N N E T



## S O N N E T VII.

REACH me my lyre ! the Warriors will be here  
E'er the red star rise o'er yon western hill,  
With steps of shadowy ghosts advancing still,—  
Right dreadful is the light'ning of the spear !  
Thrown o'er their shoulders their broad shields appear  
Like the moon frowning o'er the brow of night ;  
Sage in debate, invincible in fight,  
Death in the van, and terror in the rear :  
Heroes ! for you I raise my strain of glory,  
The high ton'd chords beneath my fingers dance :  
Thus sang the son of Fingal ; and his story  
The chieftains heard ; and couch'd the quiv'ring lance ;  
And smote the cuirass'd thigh, and shook their tresses  
hoary—  
To battle then with hasty strides advance.

## S O N N E T VIII,

TO A LADY, WITH THE RECESS, OR A TALE OF  
OTHER TIMES.

O Thou ! whose mind inform'd with ev'ry grace  
Sheds animated beauty o'er the face,  
Where Sensibility has fix'd her seat,  
Thro' lips of coral, breathing accents sweet ;  
And to those eyes of halcyon blue has giv'n  
The dewy mildness of the star of ev'n ;  
Whose bosom heaves to Pity's tender tale,  
Like the white billow to the rising gale ;  
Mark ! how the magic hand of Genius pours  
O'er hist'ry's page her sympathetic stores :  
See royal Mary's sorrow-faded form  
Sink, not unwept, beneath the whelming storm ;  
Her children blest with all their mother's bloom  
Feel the chill gale, and wither on her tomb.

S O N N E T

S O N N E T IX,

O N H U M A N L I F E,

We all do fade as a leaf,

ISAIAH, ch. lxix v. 6,

Nec quidquam tibi proteſt

Aeris tentaffe domos, animoque rotundum

Percurriſſe polum morituro.

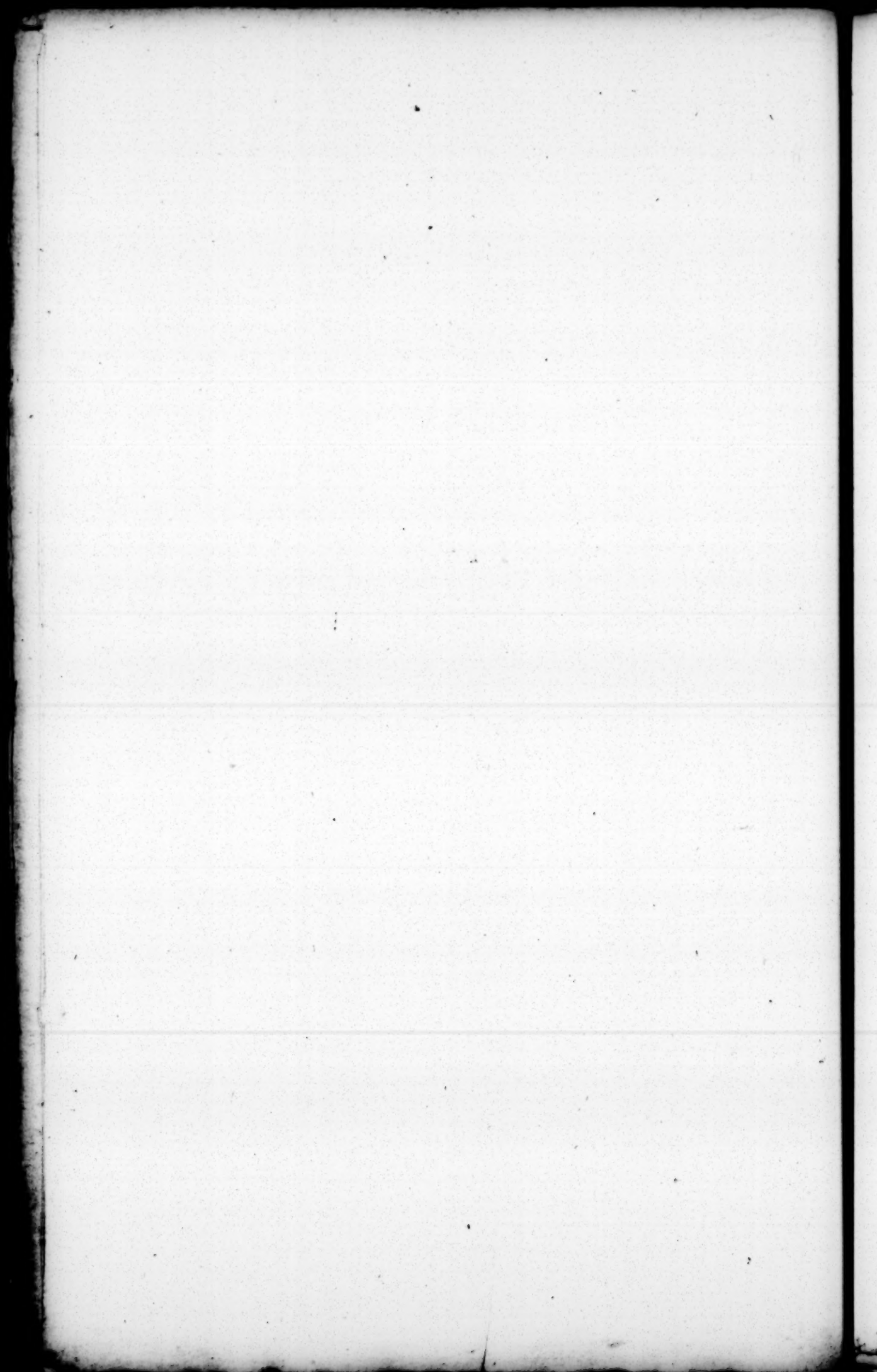
HOR.

M A R K, o'er the plain, how from each with'ring bow'r  
Shook by looſe zephyr, falls the leafy ſhow'r;  
Yet ſmiling ſpring again ſhall tinge with green  
The faded beauties of the ſylvan ſcene,  
And ſoon ſhall bid the golden year renew  
The rill neſtareous, and the balmy dew;—  
So paſſes, man! thy tranſient life away,  
Thy ſpring's ſhort glories, and thy ſummer's day.  
But tho' the human autumn may deſtroy  
The flow'r of beauty, and the bud of joy;  
Yet ſhall again their blended charms appear,  
And bloom improv'd thro' heav'n's eternal year,  
Transplanted to the Paradife above  
To bear the fruits of Virtue, Peace, and Love,





**I N S C R I P T I O N S :**





## I N S C R I P T I O N I.

NEAR A NATURAL FALL OF WATER.

NAIAD, that lov'st to pour thy azure wave,  
In soft mæanders thro' yon shadowy cave;  
Whose woods faint-murm'ring o'er the rocky steep,  
O'er all the place a solemn stillness keep;  
Whence Contemplation's silent vespers rise,  
Thought spreads her plume, and Rapture gains the  
    skies,

And dove-ey'd Peace oft' comes, a smiling guest,  
Heav'n's joys distilling in the guiltless breast;  
What tho' no muse-taught poet skill'd to praise,  
To thee a monumental trophy raise,  
Nor Sculpture's formful chissel e'er was seen,  
Nor Painting's tints to variegate thy scene,  
What tho' no sea-god o'er his urn reclin'd,  
Thy liberal streams confine, or e'er confin'd;  
Yet oft' indulgent to the hermit's pray'r,  
Philosophy's meek form shall wander there,

And

And her lov'd sister Melancholy bring,  
Sad mourners both ! incumbent o'er thy spring !  
While Philomel takes up her plaintive fall,  
And darkness in her dun robe wraps the ball.

INSCRIPTION

## I N S C R I P T I O N II.

*Intended for an elegant Model of a Tomb, composed of Moss, Shells, Sea-Weed, &c. designed by a Lady, which contained the Ashes of a favourite GOLDFINCH.*

SWEET Bird! whose sprightly song once chear'd the  
day,

Merits thy pale shrine no attemper'd lay  
Of lute, or sylvan reed? whose softest tone  
May aim in vain to emulate thy own;  
When with meet welcome to the airs of Spring  
You taught with song yon shelly grot to ring;  
That shelly grot shall never echo more  
The tuneful minstrelsy it learn'd before,  
Nor swains, and shepherd-girls intent to hear,  
Pause with impending step, and lend an ear.  
No more shall she, whose gentle bosom first  
Pity'd thy wants, and as a parent nurs't,

For



For thee provide the yellow grain, or fill  
 Thy glassy fountain at the chrystal rill;  
 And visiting thy cage with daily care,  
 (Ah! ill exchange'd for fields and open air)  
 Hang all the roof around with grafs and weed,  
 Or from the meads provide the genial feed,  
 Or list'ning frequent in the neighbouring bow'r,  
 Enjoy thy song at morn's delicious hour.

No more those colours shall the eye behold  
 That circl'd once thy beauteous head with gold;  
 No more those wings their polish'd tints display,  
 Nor beam those eyes an animated ray;  
 That voice to charm the swains no more has pow'r,  
 All mid't the shelly grot, at morn's delicious hour;  
 For thee, the muse her simple lyre has strung,  
 And o'er thy tomb the light memorial hung,  
 Nor blushes, as she chants her idle lay  
 To thee, sweet bird! this plaintive hymn to pay,

" Beneath this green-grafs turf my bird is laid,

" O'er which the myrtle flings a trembling shade;

" Here

- " Here, when again Spring's roseate dew's return,  
" Full many a flow'r shall deck thy simple urn,  
" Here, oft, at fall of eve, bright hesper shed  
" Faint, silv'ry glories o'er thy peaceful bed,  
" Ideal forms shall to thy tomb repair,  
" And the lorn linnet pour her echoing vespers there.

H

I N S C R I P -

## I N S C R I P T I O N II.

IN A DEEP AND SHADY VALLEY.

IF ever contemplation deign'd to dwell  
 On earth, 'tis here ; the groves that wave on high  
 Their broad heads to the gales, with murmurs bland,  
 Soft slumbers sooth, and wake the pensive thought  
 To solemn musings and enthusiast dreams ;  
 Here, shawdowy nymph ! be oft my footsteps heard  
 Thy walks among, what time the moon looks in,  
 And marks thy musing votary indulge  
 The joy of grief ;\* amidst these moss-grown stones  
 That here and there lie scatter'd, oft shall he  
 Who loves thy peaceful, unfrequented seat,  
 Wander alone to call to mind past scenes,  
 To memory dear, whose traces still remain  
 Faint as th' inscriptive verse on yon rude pile.

Κενερίοι τιταρπωμένα ἔσοιο.

ODYSSEY, il. 311.

For



For him perhaps, this grassy vale 'erelong  
Shall be his bed; nor shall the moon look in  
Between yon branching elms, to light his steps  
Across the devious gloom; the doubtful gale  
Shall o'er his grey stone wave the floating grass,  
And 'neath it too the vernal flow'r shall peep,  
And there the glow-worm pale his ev'ning fires.

## I N S C R I P T I O N

FOR THE ROOT-HOUSE BELONGING TO JOHN  
HOWARD, ESQ. OF CARDINGTON.

Whoe'er thou art, with reverential awe  
Approach this solemn grot; for tho' no fay,  
Nor lar, nor mimic form inhabit here,  
Nor rural god, or nymph mishapen deck  
This modest feat; a pow'r more holy far,  
Benevolence, daughter of supreme Jove,  
Here oft holds converse with her chosen son  
On deeds of mercy; as Egeria once  
With patriot-Numa, when his forming hand  
Modell'd the state and made a people wise;  
Nor shall thy child, Benevolence, when Time  
Has crush'd this mossy roof, and scatter'd all  
The spars and shells that grace its antique sides  
Be not renown'd; yes, trust the Muse, his name  
Shall mount expanded on the wings of Time,  
And men shall call it blessed, when no more  
A St. John's name emblazon Glory's page,  
Tho' erst invok'd in fam'd Musæus' bow'r.

## I N S C R I P T I O N

IN THE SUPPER-ROOM OF HIS VILLA RONCIANÆ.

[Translated from V I D A.]

HOSPES, SI OLUS, &amp;c.

STRANGER, or guest ! if not averse to share  
A hearty welcome with no costly fare,  
Approach : the wholesome ev'ning beverage taste,  
Where herbs and fruits supply the light repast ;  
Let compliment and form be laid aside,  
And learn how nature may be satisfied ;  
No need that foreign delicacies grace  
The board where Health and Temp'rance find a place.

H 3

T o



## T O T H E E A R T H.

THE HINT BORROWED FROM THE SAME.

HAS TIBI TERRA, &amp;c.

OPEN thy bosom, Earth! and foster there  
The embrio harvests of another year;  
Refuse not to reward the plowman's toil,  
Who sows with liberal hand th' inverted soil;  
So shall our parents, wives, and children praise  
Thy well-earn'd bounties in unceasing lays;  
So shall our grateful thanks to heav'n arise,  
Like incense, or the ev'ning sacrifice,  
Then sweet Benevolence shall quit the sky  
To warm each breast and brighten ev'ry eye.  
How blest the swain, when round his cot he sees  
Ripe, golden harvests float in ev'ry breeze,  
In fragrant drops the fresh'ning dews distill,  
And hears the gurgling of the tuneful rill——

While

While infant-hands in Autumn's golden reign,  
Collect from ev'ry field the scatter'd grain,  
Or pile their nodding sheaves the cottage round,  
Thro' all the village hymns of joy resound ;  
Thus while a thousand pleasures meet the sight,  
The full heart swells with tumults of delight :  
Then, O indulgent Earth ! succeed our pray'r,  
Prosper our hopes, and banish ev'ry care ;  
Be all our barns with thy rich bounties stor'd,  
And social pleasures crown the festive board.

*Written in a RUSTIC TEMPLE dedicated to*  
**FRIENDSHIP.**

SWEET'NER of ev'ry woe! of human bliss  
 Best pledge; thee, Friendship! thee enchanting pow'r,  
 Each muse has hallow'd of th' Aonian grove;  
 For in high heav'n, shaded with od'rous palm  
 Thy mansion is: where Honour, Truth, and Joy,  
 Concord, and Peace, in soft assemblage wait  
 Thy handmaids: or if earth can boast a seat  
 Worthy of thee, 'tis in the gen'rous breast.  
 Virtue enobles friendship; without her  
 Friendship were not; the sons of vice ne'er knew  
 A joy so pure, substantial, and sublime;  
 These, 'midst the circle of discordant joy  
 Assembl'd, while the bowl of Bacchus smiles,  
 Delusive, as the cup of Circe once,  
 Think riot friendship; far from haunts like these  
 She, with becoming majesty retires,  
 And clasps the heart congenial to her own,

Where



Where manly sense, and faith unshaken sit,  
Thron'd highest : let the youth who courts her smile,  
And woos fair Science in her cloyster'd walks,  
Stoop not to sordid vice, and low pursuits ;  
But from each lib'ral muse inform his mind  
Of all that can adorn her, can inspire  
Sublimest sentiments, and form a taste  
For virtuous Friendship ; 'tis for her the bard  
With ev'ry soft embellishment adorns  
The Attic lyre ; for her he roves the mead,  
While nature warbles round him, while the spring  
In dewy mildness comes, and from yon arch  
Etherial, calls the frequent show'r, or breath  
Of vernal airs, alternate sun, or shade.  
For her the moralist oft' turns the page  
Of classic elegance ; nor, tho' the pen  
Of prostituted hirelings may debase  
Thy sacred name, else not prophan'd, shalt thou  
Ought of due reverence need ; but ev'ry muse  
Which sings, like Hayley's,\* in fair Virtue's cause,

Who

\* See his Epistle to a friend, on the death of Mr. Thornton.

Who borrows but from Truth the moral song,  
From Nature's ev'ry beauty, as of art,  
Shall cull the fairest Wreath, and bless the hand  
Which hangs it at thy shrine !

## A DESCRIPTION

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRST PASSION IN  
THE HEART OF A YOUNG VIRGIN.

[Vide Thicknesse's Sketches of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies  
of France.]

THE tender feelings of a young desire,  
The sweet surprize that fans the kindling fire,  
The kind emotion hard to be express'd,  
Which melts, disturbs, and triumphs in my breast,  
These to enslave me their whole force combine,  
And all the heart-felt glow of love is mine.  
As o'er my soul the stealing raptures rise,  
I languish, and a dimness veils my eyes;  
Yet ev'n amidst the tumults these excite,  
My anxious bosom trembles with delight;  
And such strange contrasts brighten or destroy,  
One knows not to define it grief, or joy:  
But this is certain, ere I Thyrsis knew  
Few were my suff'rings, and my cares but few,  
Compar'd, alas! with those I now sustain,  
The sad returns of passion, grief, and pain;

No



No dear diversions now can give delight,  
I walk alone all day, and wake all night;  
I never think, except on what I feel,  
And ev'n inflame the wound I ought to heal;  
Banish'd be all the thoughts I entertain,  
And sighs burst forth, 'twere prudence to restrain:  
If friends address me I make no reply,  
But solitary languish, think and sigh;  
If Thyrsis is but mention'd, blushes prove  
With what a glowing fervency I love;  
I burn, I languish, am no more the same;  
Whence is this change? whence sprung this dang'rous  
flame?

Say, is this Love? does not his cruel dart  
Revenge the wonted coldness of my heart?  
If not, what is it then, ye fages say  
What is it steals my sense, my life away?

PASTORAL

## A P A S T O R A L.

——— vale, vale, inquit, Iola.

VIRE.

### I.

A D I E U to the charms of the plain,  
The woodland, the rock, and the dell;  
And thou, the dear cause of my pain,  
My soul's only treasure, farewell !  
Since these beauties I now must forgo,  
Since from thee I am forc'd to depart,  
No ease my fond bosom can know,  
And sorrow still throbs at my heart.

### II.

For is there in cities or courts,  
What may with the country compare,  
Where revel the smiles and the sports,  
And the nymphs are as virtuous as fair;  
Where the manners are simple and plain,  
Where beauty owes nothing to art,  
Where sincere is the vow of the swain,  
And the smile is the smile of the heart.

III. Let

## III.

Let ambition and greatness despise  
The humble-clad villager's lot,  
Let them look e'er so mean in their eyes,  
Let them scorn both the shepherd and cot;  
I care not, if blest with my lyre  
And roving the green vales along,  
The muses my numbers inspire,  
And the shepherds are pleas'd with my song.

## IV.

I care not ; if my lovely maid  
Attend to the pastoral theme,  
If she grace with her presence the shade,  
Whose image still softens my dream,  
When oft' at eve's mild-beaming hour,  
With her I rove over the lea,  
What are riches, or grandeur, or power,  
The world and its follies to me ?

V. Would



## IV.

Would heav'n but grant to my pray'r,  
That I might my charmer attend,  
Life's vicissitudes with her to share,  
Her lover, protector, and friend ;  
Then if sorrow should hap to be nigh,  
Or anxiety chance to molest,  
I would wipe the big tear from her eye,  
I would sooth all her sorrows to rest.

## VI.

How pleasing with her when the morn  
Has unlock'd the fair portals of day ;  
To brush the light drop from the thorn,  
O'er the mead's velvet carpet to stray ;  
When the sun thro' the forest trees high,  
Lifts his broad beaming lamp on the flood ;  
And new glories illumine the sky,  
The wild music bursts forth from the wood.

## VII. From

## VII.

From these we will learn what may best  
To contentment and virtue conduce,  
And cherish its growth in our breast,  
And find out its' moral and use ;  
For nature's most elegant page,  
Can ennoble the generous heart,  
More than all that the poet or sage  
Can effect by the efforts of art.

## VIII.

But adieu to the charms of the plain,  
The woodland, the rock, and the dell,  
And thou the dear cause of my pain,  
My soul's only treasure, farewell !  
Since these beauties I now must forego,  
Since from thee I am forc'd to depart,  
O'er the mead I rove pensive and slow,  
For sorrow still throbs 'at my heart.

S O N G

[ 113 ]

S O N G.

I.

O fairest maid ! in whom each grace  
Of youth and beauty are combin'd,  
That animates the faultless face,  
That indicates the gentle mind ;

II.

Accept my song, enough for me ;—  
Accept the vow that love has made,  
My song shall always be of thee,  
For thee the tender vow be paid.

III.

Weak is the verse, my fair, that fain  
Would speak the feelings of the heart ;  
Alas ! it only can complain,  
In broken numbers void of art.

IV.

But if a look or sigh express  
What language aims in vain to tell,  
Thou wilt not heed his suff'rings less,  
Who has not art to paint them well.

F I N I S.





